

WHY NOT?

By F. D. PATTERSON

The harbor of Hongkong was looking its loveliest on this mellow October afternoon as the big P. and O. steamer slowly glided from her moorings amid the crowd of shipping that filled the harbor.

There were not many passengers on board the Parramatta, for this was not a time of the year that many people traveled from the east homeward, but amid the stir and bustle attendant on the departure of a big mail steamer and the settling down of newly joined passengers, two people, both passengers, formed a tranquil contrast.

Major Walton, although his eyes rested on the gold tipped hills they were so swiftly passing, saw them not at all. His thoughts were all inward, too much occupied with a bitter past to take much heed of the surroundings of the present. It was the old, old story—his mind was dwelling on—that of a woman's frailty and a man's villainy—and, although the events which had well nigh wrecked his life had all happened more than a year ago now, they were brought but too freshly to his mind by this journey home.

"Home! And what a home coming!" he said to himself bitterly. The story was one perhaps only too common. He and his wife, the latter beautiful, spoiled, vain, had been staying in the south of France and had gone on to Monte Carlo for a week or two. Here they had met Sir Lionel Hippeley, a handsome, shallow young Englishman, who was doing his best, without success, to ruin himself at the tables, although the money he so freely squandered was not his, but his young wife's, and, as a rumor averred, he had married the pretty Scotch heiress only for her fortune.

He was staying at Monte Carlo very much on garrison, his wife being ill at home and unable to travel. He and the Waltons became acquainted, and he appeared much struck by Mrs. Walton's beauty, while she was both pleased and flattered by his admiration and attentions, and her husband, glad that she should be amused, thought or suspected no wrong. Under Hippeley's guidance Mrs. Walton became an ardent gambler, and a good many bank notes fluttered away, but Walton was a rich man and could afford to indulge her every whim.

Then had come the war in South Africa, and Walton's regiment was among the first ordered to the front, and he departed, leaving his wife more or less her own mistress and with the command of plenty of money.

During her husband's absence she again met Sir Lionel Hippeley, this time at home, and he, more than ever fired by her excessive beauty, persuaded her, a too willing victim, to run away with him to Paris. From there she wrote to her husband and told him she had never really cared for him and that now she loved only one man on earth, and that man was Sir Lionel Hippeley.

The blow almost stunned Walton. Then he was wounded and invalided home, when he obtained his divorce. Hippeley's wife had already divorced her husband. Immediately after the trial Walton had started on a voyage to Japan and was now, after a year spent in the east, once more returning to England.

With a short, impatient sigh Walton roused himself and turned to go to the smoking room. As he did so the lady near him turned to go below at the same moment, and they came face to face. Such a beautiful, pathetic face, out of which shone a pair of dark bluish gray eyes. Walton, as for an instant his eyes met hers, felt a sudden thrill of interest, and he wondered who she was.

He very soon found out, for on board ship one speedily becomes aware of the identity, whether true or false, of one's fellow passengers. She was a Mrs. Grenville, a widow, and had been staying at Hongkong with friends and was now returning to England. She was characterized by an aunt, Lady Gresham.

"I wish Violets would make up her mind to marry again," she said one day when the Parramatta had left Singapore far behind and they were steaming through the heat of the Indian Ocean, "but I fear she never will. She had a very unhappy married life, short as it was, and I am afraid she will never care to repeat the experiment."

Walton murmured something inaudible. The idea somehow of Mrs. Grenville marrying again once became very distasteful to him unless—His heart suddenly beat faster and his cheek flushed as he all at once realized that Violet Grenville had become very dear to him.

They had spent a great deal of their time together during those long, hot days and had passed the deck after dinner in the cool darkness of those tropical nights, and she had attracted him more than any other woman he had ever met, for his wife had never attracted him or appealed to the intellectual side of his nature as Mrs. Grenville did, and, also, he knew now that the feeling he had for his wife was but a purely physical passion born of her beauty, one that could never be held in mind. She was too shallow, too vain.

After that conversation with Lady Gresham, Walton never more could

to the true state of his feelings for Mrs. Grenville, but as yet he gave her no hint. First he must tell her his story, yet he shrank from the idea of laying bare the shameful past before that pure soul.

It was a couple of evenings later. Walton and his companion leaned side by side over the rail and talked in a fragmentary manner, but there was an intonation in his voice, a tenderness in his gray eyes, that made her heart beat and stirred her pulses strangely. One little hand lay near his, and suddenly his closed on it, and he raised it to his lips and kissed it passionately.

"My darling," he whispered, "Violet, I love you. Will you be my wife? Speak to me, darling. Tell me I have not hoped in vain."

For a moment, as he put his arm round her and drew her to him, she yielded to his embrace; then she hurriedly drew herself away.

"Wait until tomorrow," she murmured. "I—I will tell you then if you still care to hear."

"Care to hear?" he cried passionately. "Child, don't you guess how much I love you?"

But with a sad little smile she flitted from his side and was lost in the shadows of the deck.

Punctually at 5 o'clock the next day Mrs. Grenville appeared on deck, looking very lovely in her white dress, though her face was pale and heavy shadows rested under the gray blue eyes. Walton, to whom her coming was as a glimpse of paradise, hurried forward to meet her, and he carried her deck chair to a secluded corner, shaded from the glare of the afternoon sun, which was now creeping to its rest.

"Well, Violet, which is it to be?" he whispered. "You don't know what tortures of impatience and uncertainty I have suffered since last night. Is it to be—yes?" And he tried to read his answer in her averted eyes.

"Wait," she murmured faintly. "I—I have something to tell you before I give you my answer—something that you ought to know. If after—you still care, I—I will—say yes."

"My darling," he cried, "Violet, only say you love me a little, and I don't care for anything else!"

"Yes, I—I do care for you," she whispered, "more than I thought I could care for any one. I feel I can trust you, lean on you, respect you, and you do not know what all that means to a woman who has suffered as I have and has had every illusion stripped from her. Listen, and I will tell you my story. To begin with, I am not a widow, as you thought, and my name is not Grenville. It was my mother's name, and I took it when I dropped my own, after—I was divorced."

I divorced my husband nearly two years ago now. We had only been married a short time, and I was ill, when he went abroad and met there a married woman who, I suppose, attracted him. But to cut the story short, he finally ran away with her to Paris after her husband had been ordered out to South Africa. She was a Mrs. Walton—caddy enough, a namesake of yours."

Walton had turned livid. "Good God!" he cried hoarsely. "My wife!"

"Your wife!" echoed his companion. "Then—then you—And she sank back in her chair pale and trembling."

"Yes," he answered thickly, "my wife. I was the husband of that wretched woman."

"Then it was not a coincidence, as I thought it was, your name being the same? I never dreamed of this," she murmured brokenly.

Walton rose and leaned over the rail, turning his feverish brow to the desert where a little breeze was blowing from the mountains. His mind was in a whirl, only one thought being uppermost.

"Then you are really—" he began.

"Lady Hippeley," she replied bitterly.

There followed a long silence, only broken by the slow pulsing of the engines and the ripple and eddy of the water caused by the steamer's wash.

At length the man roused himself, and fixing his eyes yearningly on the pale face before him, he said abruptly:

"Well, darling, and why not? Is there any just cause of impediment? Why not?"

"Why not?" she whispered dreamily, laying her hand flat in his—

Rylander.

Mrs. Chas. Riley, who was severely burned at her home in Union last Saturday morning, died within a few hours afterwards.

Mrs. Riley was paralyzed some time ago, and in walking, before the fire, her dress became ignited, and as there was no one present to render her assistance, she was so severely burned that death resulted in a few hours afterwards.

Mrs. Riley was in her 40th year.

St. Petersburg, January 23.—The estimates of the number of dead and wounded yesterday continue to vary greatly, at least a majority of the killed and wounded were carried off by the ambulances. Very few of the wounded have been reported.

The official account of the rioting by no means indicates the extent of killed and wounded. From casual investigation by the staff of the Associated Press it appears that the estimate of five hundred killed last night seems liberal.

THE CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY.

In China New Year's is the Little Ones' Great Day.

Except at the Chinese New Year, which comes in February, it is very hard to catch a glimpse of children in China. Little beggars will run beside you for miles to earn one "cash," a copper coin with a square hole in the middle of it, worth the twentieth of a cent, but children who have parents to care for them seem to be kept indoors all the time or only allowed to play in walled yards and gardens. We used to say to each other: "Why, where are the children? Haven't they got any?" But at New Year's we found out that they had. This is the great holiday of all the year in China, when everybody hangs out flags and colored lanterns and sets off fire-crackers. We borrowed our custom of firecrackers for the Fourth of July from Chinese New Year's. All the people put on their very best clothes and the children the best of all, jackets and trousers of bright blue or green or yellow or purple, the boys and the girls so much alike that you can only tell them apart by their hair. The boys, of course, is braided in a pigtail, and the girl's is done up on her head with silver pins or, if she's a very grand little girl, with gold or jade. Thus decked out the children go walking with their proud papas and mammas and often go to the theater, which is a rare treat for them.

Perhaps Chinese children have romping plays together, but they always look as if they were born grown up.—Bertha Runkle in St. Nicholas.

A Passionate Scene.

Her eyes were wild. Her hair was in disorder. Her face was flushed. Her hands were clenched. She was a deeply injured and desperate woman.

"Oh, cruel one," she cried in anguished tones, "I have borne with you too long! You have injured, you have tortured me, and yet I could not bear to give you up. When first we met, how your ease and polish attracted me! When you became my own, how my friends envied me! But your understanding is too small for my large soul. You are opposed to my advancing myself. You have ruined my standing in society. If we had never met I might have walked in peace. So now begone."

There was a moment's convulsive breathing, a gritting of teeth and a sharp sigh. It was all over. By a supreme effort she had pulled off her new shoe.

Too Difficult.

In a Pennsylvania town where the Friends abound a prim old Quaker spinster one day attended the marriage of her grandnephew, a young person who had in the course of his twenty-one years received much needed discipline at her hands.

The old lady was at her best on this festive occasion, and at a pause in the wedding breakfast her young relative looked over at her with a beguiling smile.

"Tell us why thee never married, Aunt Patience," he said teasingly.

"That is soon told, William," said the old Quakeress calmly. "It was because I was not as easy pleased as thy wife was."

Awkward.

An old lady was toiling up the steps of an Edinburgh church on a Sunday night when a kindly elderly gentleman came after her and, saying, "Allow me, madam," took her arm and helped her up. When she had got to the top she paused for a little to recover her breath and then asked, "Do you know who's to preach tonight?"

"Yes," said the gentleman; "it's Dr. —" the speaker being none other than Dr. — himself. "My goodness gracious!" exclaimed the old lady. "Help me down again, please. I'd rather listen to a man sharpening a saw."

When Too Tired to Sleep.

If you are overworked—"too tired to sleep," as we sometimes say—bathe the neck and temples with hot water. Rub the back of the neck particularly. This seems to relax the muscles and the veins that supply the brain with blood. Lie down to sleep with peace, for it will come surely. The same treatment will wonderfully refresh during the day. A headache may often be relieved, even cured, by hot applications to the back of the neck.—Washington Star.

Her Way of Thinking.

"I have called, doctor, to settle that dental bill, but I think it's a good deal higher than it ought to be."

"But you will remember, madam, that the tooth required a good deal of treatment, and I took the greatest care to make every operation painless."

"I remember it didn't hurt me a particle. That's why the bill seems so outrageous."—Chicago Tribune.

You can't convince a woman that any man who has proposed to her is a fool.

When a married woman wishes she were a man, her husband is apt to echo the wish.

There is a considerable pain in having other people very happy.

A man always has a lot more joy some ahead when he is trying to let you than the man he wants to lead to him.

THE PARIS BALLET.

Severe Training That Begins When the Dancers Are Children.

Members of the ballet in the Paris Opera House are given a most thorough training. The sixty-four "eleves," better known as the "rats," are selected at the age of eight years. They are chosen, in the first place, for their prettiness and intelligence. This thins down the number of candidates by over 50 per cent. The second test is the medical examination, only children sound in wind and limb being accepted. Every day for an hour they must go through the drill, stretching out their legs while they hold on to the rail fixed to the wall. They must be able to go through all the movements without any sign of outward fatigue. The professors are entirely dependent on moral suasion by word and gesture. No child is ever touched with the hands. If it has not the gift of carrying out the instructions by the aid of its eyes and ears it is no good for the Paris ballet. A dancer who must be placed in the proper position by means of the teacher's hands may as well abandon the profession. She will never be a success. At the end of the second or sometimes the third year the girls come into a higher department.

Here the most severe exercises are gone through till every muscle is developed to its highest perfection. When the pupil has gone through this curriculum with success she is promoted to the rank of "coryphee." In order to satisfy the requirements they must know the "five positions." These five positions are the alpha and omega of the dance, and in them are carried out all the figures used. When perfection has been reached then the dancer has reached the rank of "sujet," the highest in the terpsichorean hierarchy. To become a "sujet" is the ambition of every member of the school, for the "sujet" has the right to aspire to everything. She can become a great star in the operatic firmament.

Salaries of those who reach the rank of "premiere danseuse" at the Paris Opera run from \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year. But even if the "sujet" does not reach this giddy height she enjoys a number of valuable privileges. She is no longer condemned to share in the common dressing room. She, with a comrade, has the right to a private room, which she has the privilege of decorating as she pleases. A "premiere sujet" receives a salary of from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year, so that as a career the ballet in the Paris Opera is fairly remunerative. The work is hard, and only girls exceptionally gifted with intelligence, artistic sense, perseverance and a capacity for accepting an iron discipline can succeed.

Suspicion Versus Superstition.

"Is this all de collection?" asked the colored parson of the deacon who handed him the basket.

"Yes, sah," replied the deacon.

"Is you shure, sah?"

"Quite shure, parson."

"Did you put any money in you-se?"

"Yes, parson; I put in a nickel."

"And you are shure dis is all dere was contributed?"

"We-we-well, parson," hesitated the deacon, "you see, to be exact, dere was just one dollar an' thirteen cents in de basket, but as I am a little suspicious I just took out dat thirteen cents!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Pat's Valor.

Seeing no other way of earning a livelihood, Pat took to highway robbery. He bought a pistol and, meeting a traveler, stopped him with the correct formula, "Yes money or yer life!" Seeing Pat was "green," the traveler said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you all my money for that pistol." "Agreed!" replied Pat, who forthwith handed over the pistol and received the money in exchange. "Now," said the traveler, "hand back that money or I'll blow your brains out!" "Blow away, my beauty!" responded the Irishman. "Niver a taste o' powder there's in it!"—Minneapolis Journal.

A Wooden Library.

There is at Cassel a library probably unique in the world. It is bound in timber, printed on timber pages, possibly from wood blocks, and deals exclusively with timber. The library in question is the Holzbibliothek, which was compiled more than a century ago by Karl Schieldbach, and is composed of about 500 volumes made from trees in the park at Wilhelmshöhe.

Could Be of Assistance.

Jim—Pay, Fred, old boy, I'm looking for some friend who will lend me \$10. Come, now, can't you be of assistance?

Fred—Certainly!

"Thank you ever so much."

"Yes, it's going to rain, and if you'll step over to my office I'll lend you one of your umbrellas so you won't get wet while you're looking."

Some men claim to be self-made, while some others are supposed to be wife-made.

Men and women who are opposed to labor unions should steer clear of love's cottage.

At least the stalled man has all the backbone he needs in his business.

Tomorrow never comes, but the day after today arrives on schedule time.

The State Alliance Funds.

The Intelligencer has been requested to publish the following:

Members and ex-members and trustees of the various county alliances, let us give what is known as the exchange funds, amounting to about \$18,000, to the different white orphanages in this State, asking those who have it in charge to assist us to settle this matter without further cost, so that we can have more to give. I request correspondence from all trustees and ask further that the county papers give this card publication.

C. S. Folk,
Ex-President Graham's Alliance,
Denmark, S. C., Jan. 19, 1905.

He Lost His Dignity.

A pompous individual from the east, says a Texas newspaper, happened to be traveling in western Texas and stopping at a hotel when trouble started among some cowboys, who prepared to conduct the argument with revolvers.

"Stranger," said a Texan to the pompous man, "it would be a good idea for you to lay down on the floor till this dispute is settled."

"It does not comport with the dignity of a Boston gentleman of my profession," said the pompous gentleman, "to wallow in the dirt on the floor."

"You may be right, stranger," answered the Texan as he prepared to recline, "but my opinion is that you had better lose yer dignity for the time bein' than to have the daylight let into your system by a 44." He lost his dignity.

They Were Not Durable.

James A. Ashley, a candidate for Congress on the Republican ticket in Georgia, is in New York. He owns 10,000 acres of mountain lands among the moonshine mountains of North-western Georgia, where snakes are plentiful and bears are not unknown. When he came North he brought as pets for two little nieces near New York a pair of "possums. He had much trouble transporting them in a grip-sack, because the animals got loose in the Pullman car several times. They'd swing on the bell rope and stop the train. They'd get on the hook of the automatic brake and put the mechanism out of business. However, he got them here.

Yesterday he visited his sister's family and asked one of the little nieces about the strange pets.

"They are very interesting," said the ten-year-old girl, "but they are not durable."

"Durable?" repeated Ashley in amazement.

"Yes, they're all to pieces. We put them in the yard and, somehow, every cat within a half mile took offense at the 'possums. The cats came here in crowds. Oh, the Georgia 'possums stood their ground all right. But one of 'em hasn't any tail, and the other has lost an eye, most of an ear and all the hair on his back. They're wearing out as playthings. They're like most of the other Christmas toys we received. Next time bring us one of those beautiful king snakes that you say can lick a rattler. That's what we want—something durable, don't you understand?"

Strategy of the Cuckoo.

The Indian fruit cuckoo, which, like all members of the cuckoo family, lays its eggs in the nests of other birds and thus avoids the trouble of hatching them, is said to exhibit most interesting strategy in dealing with crows, which are its enemies. Where as the hen, an inconspicuous speckled grey bird, conceals herself in the foliage, the cuckoo, remarkable for his brilliant black plumage and crimson eyes, places himself on a perch near a crow's nest and makes a great noise. The crows immediately rush out to attack him, and he takes to flight with them in pursuit. The hen meanwhile slips into the nest and deposits an egg. Sometimes the crows get back before the egg is laid, and then the intruding hen cuckoo gets a trouncing.—Youth's Companion.

Carmack's Advice A Puzzle.

Senator Carmack tells this story of a colored man who called on him for legal advice at Columbia, Tenn. The elder of his church had advised his wife to get a divorce from him, and the negro asked:

"If a elder come foolin' round you all's home mixin' up trouble, advisin' yo' wife 'r to git a divorce, what'd yo' do?"

"Take a shotgun and kill him, most likely," replied young Carmack.

"Kill him—kill a elder! Den what de law do?" exclaimed the client.

"Oh, hang you, probably."

For a full minute the negro was silent. Then in great disgust he turned to go. As he shuffled along down the steps he turned a perplexed eye on the lawyer and said: "For the Lawd's sake, Mr. Carmack, what so's 'torney is you, anyhow?"

For some time after a girl wears her hair on top of her head she wears nothing inside of it.

A weak woman can put up a strong bluff.

The more some men owe the more they want to owe.

POTASH

Bones or Back Pains, Swollen Joints CURED

THROUGH THE BLOOD

By Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.)

TO PROVE IT, B. B. B. SENT FREE. We want every reader of this paper who has rheumatism to send us his or her name. We will send them by return mail a sample of Botanic Blood Balm, the wonderful Blood Remedy which has cured, to stay cured, more rheumatism cases than any other remedy. Botanic Blood Balm kills the uric acid poison in the blood, in place of giving pure, nourishing blood, sending a rich, tingling flood of warm blood direct to the paralyzed nerves, bones and joints, giving warmth and strength just where it is needed, and in this way making a perfect cure. B. B. B. has cured hundreds of cases where the sufferer has been doubled up for years, or where the joints have been swollen so long they were almost brittle and perfectly rigid and stiff yet it has unlimbered the joints, straightened out the bent back and made a perfect, lasting cure after all other remedies had failed.

Leading Symptoms: Bone pains, sciatica, or shooting pains up and down the leg, aching back or shoulder blades, swollen joints or swollen muscles, difficulty in moving around, or having to use crutches; blood thin or skin pale; skin itches and burns; shifting pains; bad breath, etc. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) will remove every symptom giving quick relief from the first dose and permanently cure in a few weeks' time.

Weak, Inactive Kidneys. One of the causes of Rheumatism is due to kidneys and bladder. If the kidneys are weak, the urine is heavy weight in lower parts of the bowels, urinous taste in mouth or disagreeable odor of the urine are some of the leading symptoms. For this trouble there is no better medicine than B. B. B. It stimulates all the nerves of the kidneys into action, opens up every channel, resulting in healthy natural flow of urine, the passing off of the uric acid and all uric acid matter, and a lasting cure made. B. B. B. makes the kidneys and bladder strong and healthy.

OUR GUARANTEE—Take a large bottle of Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) as directed on label, and when the right quantity is taken a cure is certain, sure and lasting. If not cured your money will promptly be refunded without argument.

Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) is Pleasant and safe to take. Thoroughly tested for 30 years. Composed of Pure Botanic Ingredients. Strengthens Weak Kidneys and Stomachs, cures Dyspepsia. Sold by all Druggists, St. Perague, Boston, or complete directions for home cure. Sample sent Free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe your trouble, and special free medical advice, to suit your case will be sent by sealed letter.

Evans Pharmacy.

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FOR SALE AT ALL DISPENSARIES.

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ANDERSON, S. C.

We respectfully solicit a share of your business.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given to all persons not to trespass on any of our lands, Varennes and Savannah Townships in any way whatsoever—by hunting, fishing, cutting timber, setting out fire or trespassing in any other manner. Parties entering said lands after publication of this notice will be dealt with to the fullest extent of the law.

THE undersigned, Executor of the Estate of Dr. Charles Davant, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on Monday, February 27th, 1905, apply to the Court of Probate of Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Executor.

Jan 25, 1905

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Rachel Swords, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 27th day of February, 1905, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.

Jan 25, 1905

Assessment Notice.

AUDITOR'S OFFICE, Anderson, S. C. This office will be open to receive Returns of personal Property for Taxation for the next Fiscal Year, from the 1st of January, 1905, to the 30th day of February following inclusive. All Returns must be made on or before the 30th day of February, 1905, and all transfer of Real Estate made since last return should be noted upon the return blank when listing.

For the convenience of Taxpayers we will also have Deputies to take Returns at the following times and places:

Holland, Tuesday, January 10.
Milledgeville, Wednesday, January 11.
Irma, Thursday, January 12.
Monday, Friday, January 13.
St. Paul, Saturday, January 14.
Starr, Monday, January 16.
Tugaloo, Tuesday, January 17.
Glenwood, Wednesday, January 18.
Bishop, Thursday, January 19.
Five Forks, Monday, January 23.
Antioch, Tuesday, January 24.
Wrightsville, Wednesday, January 25.
Cedar Creek, Friday, January 26.
James River, Friday, January 26.
Wrightsville, Saturday, January 27.
Equality, Tuesday, January 27.
Piedmont, Friday and Saturday, January 28 and 29.
Towamint, Friday, January 27.
Tugaloo, Tuesday, January 23.
Homes Park, Monday and Tuesday, January 16 and 17, or up to February 26th, to Deputy.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 23, 24 and 25.
Tuesday, Monday and Tuesday, January 23 and 24.
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 16, 17 and 18, or up to February 26th, to John H. Bonner.